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Church of the Covenant

(Presbyterian)

TORONTO, CANADA

PASTOR REV. JAMES MCCAUL, M.A.

Memorial Service

HELD

LORD'S DAY, 17TH JUNE, 1900

COMMEMORATING THE HOME-TAKING

OF THE LATE

GEORGE AUGUSTUS HINE

WHO

"FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS"

ON

TUESDAY, 12TH JUNE, 1900, AT 8 A.M.

IN THE 75TH YEAR OF HIS AGE



See Page 31

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GEORGE AUGUSTUS HINE

WHO

"FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS"

ON

TUESDAY, 12TH JUNE, 1900, AT 6 A.M.

IN THE 75TH YEAR OF HIS AGE

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1900, by EDITH
FRANCES HINN, and JOANNA M. REEVE, at the Department of Agriculture.

PREFATORY NOTE.



FOR the sake of many friends widely scattered throughout England, France, Australia, Canada and elsewhere, the relatives of the late Mr. Hine made request that the following brief "In Memoriam" should be prepared. Cheerfully acquiescing in this request, it has been written. It is a short summary (somewhat modified and with some additions) of a Memorial Service held on the Lord's Day immediately succeeding his death, in the House of God where he was wont to worship. Its preparation was truly a labor of love, and has left but one impress on the heart of the writer—regret that he had not opportunity more intimately to know, and more fully to cultivate intercourse with his friend, whose character was so singularly chaste, whose life so rarely beautiful.

It is sent on its simple mission with the fervent prayer that it may bring comfort to hearts lonely and bereft; impulse and inspiration to all journeying Home, and perchance, word of warning or timely admonition to any who as yet have no sure title to Heaven's bliss.

May He whose message it is own it and bless it to every reader.

JAMES McCAUL,
Pastor Church of the Covenant,
TORONTO, CANADA.

278 Avenue Road.
August, 1900.

Order of Service.

The service opened with Doxology, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," etc., sung by choir and congregation standing, and followed by this Scripture sentence :

"In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so I would have told you—I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also."

After an Invocation, there was read Old Testament Scripture, Psalm xc., followed by prayer and the singing of Hymn 321, Church Praise :

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
Then O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day,
O wash me in Thy precious blood
And take my sins away, *etc., etc.*

There was then read New Testament Scripture, the Gospel according to John, chapter xvii. ; the Free-will offering taken and announcements made, followed by the singing of the Young People's Hymn, No. 594 :

There is a better world, they say,
O, so bright !
Where sin and woe are done away,
O, so bright !
And music fills the balmy air,
And angels bright and pure are there,
And harps of gold and mansions fair,
O, so bright ! *etc., etc.*

The entire congregation then joined audibly in repeating together the Lord's Prayer, after which was preached the following sermon from the

Text:

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me: for Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."—Jno. xvii. 24.

Sermon.

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." What awful sanctities cluster around this *seventeenth of Saint John*.

Hush! Hark to the High Priestly pleading of our Advocate with the Father! Never man spake like this Man—never man so prayed. The peerless Man pours out His soul in peerless prayer—mark the majesty of its Divine ascent. It rises in dignity, in strength, in force, in authority.

He asks first that His people may be *preserved from the world*. "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

Then that they might be *sanctified*. "Sanctify them through Thy truth; Thy word is truth." Then that they might be *made manifestly one*—"That they all may be one: as Thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."

Finally. He reaches climax when he asks that His prepared people may safely reach their prepared place

in glory. Like the rounds of a ladder, these sublime petitions rise step above step. The last is not only the highest, it is also the longest. It spans the space between earth with its sorrows and Heaven with its joys. The prayer not only soars in subject, but rises in space, aiming at landing those prayed for in the Father's House with its many mansions.

In the earlier petitions, our High Priestly Intercessor had *asked*—had *pleaded*. Now the Conqueror of Death says—"I will,"—makes His last will and testament, and disposes of His purchased property: "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me, be with me where I am: that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me."

O, the unutterable preciousness of this dying legacy! Let us open the will of our deceased Elder Brother, and scan closely its contents, that we may learn what is our heritage in the Lord. We will begin as the text begins, with

The HOME WORD "Father." They tell us that Mohammedanism has *ninety and nine* names for God, but among them all is not found that of *Father*. What a woeful want! How miserably impoverished were our own Christian vocabulary did it lack this word of words. "Our Father which art in Heaven,"—the short sentence suggests "an ocean in a dew drop." Father! it speaks of *home*. Children should dwell with their father. Father! why it is the bell that rings the absent ones home! Jesus, the absent, only begotten and well-beloved Son, turns intensely and with keenest longings to the Father after these years of absence. This Brother, bearer of our humanity, has gone, whither? *Home*.

Then we, too, will follow, must follow. How often we think of, long for, "the Home over there," whither He has gone! The child at school yearns for the long-looked-for holidays, the home journey, and the father's glad welcome and embrace. Our tasks, too, will soon be over. Then in the Father's presence will be "fullness of joy"; at His right hand "will be pleasures for evermore." Next consider

The HOME CERTAINTY, "I will." Is there no doubt about the home-taking? Will the redeemed in very truth get to glory? Is it certain that they will reach home and Father? "I will," said Jesus, "that they be with me." And with Him they *must* be. Let us look for a moment at the unconquerable energy of that "I will."

Is it a *prayer of intercession*? Then "Him the Father heareth always." Can you imagine our Lord interceding in vain? If He asks that we may be with Him where He is, then with Him assuredly we shall be.

Is it a *testamentary bequest*? Then who would have his last will made null and void? Jesus' last will and testament will be carried out to the letter—not a jot, not a tittle will fail. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not this word spoken by Jesus, penned by the Holy Spirit.

Is it a *desire*, a *resolve*, a *purpose*? Then within it is stored the impulse of love, behind it lies the power of omnipotence, and directing it is the method of wisdom. Does Jesus ask for the home-taking of the babe, the brother, the husband, the parent? Does He say, "I will"? Then be it mine, be it thine to respond—"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

The right of the owner to the possession of his own purchased property may not be questioned—in this case cannot be resisted without fruitless failure.

Next—

The HOME FITNESS. "They also whom Thou hast given Me." The Greek of the text is obscure, and its rendering somewhat difficult, but it is not difficult to discover the Spirit's meaning. The Revised version is an improvement on the Authorized. It reads, "Father, that which Thou hast given Me, I will that where I am, they also may be with Me." "*That which*," i.e., the Church as a unit, "the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood." "*They*," i.e., each individual believer of which the Church is composed, He prays that each—that all of them may be with Him and behold His glory. Jesus never so prays for the whole Church as to forget a single member—never does He so pray for the members individually, as to overlook the corporate capacity of the whole.

Note, then, in what it is that the fitness consists. There is no mention made of personal character. Jesus is satisfied with naming them as "those whom Thou hast given Me." He looked upon the Church as the Eternal gift of the Father—a token of the Father's love entrusted to him for saving and safe-keeping. "*Mine*," He says, Mine to redeem, sanctify, fit for Heaven, and "make meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." And so they come to be branches of the True Vine, members of His mystical body, partakers of the Divine nature, and co-heirs with Him in the Kingdom of His glory. He saves and sanctifies, seals and glorifies them.

Note now—

The HOME JOY “with Me,” “that they may behold My glory.” The joy of earth that the Christian most covets is the joy of companionship with Christ. This, alas! in the experience of most, is sadly intermittent. Sin, self, Satan, the world, all separate from Jesus. The soul’s great grief here is the brokenness of its fellowship with Him who is “the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.” But this “with Me,” that “forever with the Lord,” how much they import to the one who, at best, gets but fitful glimpses of the “Beloved.”

“With Me” means also “with nothing between,”—we shall see Him face to face. It means more. It implies unquestionably a *place* where companionship may have scope, and fellowship its delight, where the redeemed shall bask in the sunshine of His love, where He will manifest Himself unto them as He does not unto the world. It is the prepared place for the prepared people, of which He has already given pledge, saying, “I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”

How precious is this thought! We are to be, not metaphorically, not fancifully, but really, truly, literally, with Jesus. Of this blessed state Paul, in language of glorious anticipation, affirms: “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.” And this is the sum of it all—made fit, and counted worthy, to be sharers with Jesus in His glory. O my soul, what delights await thee! I too have “a

desire" to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better. Better infinitely than the highest joy that earth can give.

Mark here also the gracious expression of Jesus' generous love: "That they may behold My glory." The Lord who loves us longs for partners in his joy. He will not consider Himself glorified until *we* behold His glory. How utterly does He sink Himself that He may exalt us! Thus would He make us unselfish like Himself, since it will be our glory to see His glory. When we thus think of what awaits the redeemed, who would keep out of such bliss, for an hour, one whom Jesus calls?

And now finally consider for a moment

The HOME ATMOSPHERE,—“love.” “Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.” “God is love.” “Love is of God.” “We love, because He first loved us.” “He that loveth is born of God”—begotten of the Spirit, whose first fruit is “love”—loved with an everlasting love, therefore, with loving kindness drawn.

Oh! redeemed soul, what think you must it be to breathe the atmosphere of Heaven! to drink love at its fountain head! to lave in the ocean of infinite love!

Plume your pinions and soar with me, as we together take a flight of faith. There was a day before all days, when there was no day but “the Ancient of Days.” In that limitless ocean of Eternity past, the God Father loved the only begotten God Son, with what intensity of love! There was no universe—simply God alone. And the whole of God's omnipotence flowed forth in a stream of love to the Son, while the Son's whole being remained eternally one with the Father by a mysterious essential

union, maintained by the one all-penetrating, all-per-vading, all-presiding Spirit—three in one—one in three—oneness of essence, oneness of sympathy, oneness of aim, oneness of love—Eterna! oneness. Love is alike the source, the channel and the end of the Divine acting. Because the Father loved the Son, He gave us to Him, and ordained that we should be with Him. The Divine prescience foresaw what we in Christ would become, and so we read, "God so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

My soul! what do these words mean? What were the logical inference, if mortal man dare draw it? John shrank from the clear deduction of love's logic. He simply says: "God so loved," and there He leaves it for the coming centuries to wonder at and admire. The breadth, length, depth and height of love, implied in that one monosyllable "so" has never been measured. Eternity will not be long enough in which to search out its deep significance. As the God of love so loved the Son of His love and so loved us, as to give us to Him—He has been further pleased, in His sovereign grace, to so ordain, that we should be forever with Him. He has made room for us, too, for Jesus' sake, in the sanctum of His love, in that Holy of Holies which He has prepared for them that love Him. Then let us not hinder our saintly ones from going home, if this is the design of their going. Since all comes of Divine love, and all sets forth Divine love, let them go to Him that loves them.

Hold your friends lovingly, but be ready to yield them up to Jesus, when He says, "I will that this one be with me where I am," and when they have gone, think of them as being "at home over there;" neither lament nor bewail

their absence lest ye be guilty of charging God foolishly. You cannot recall them if you would—surely, knowing their bliss, you would not if you could.

But what shall I say to those of you who have been given to Christ, but who have not yet given yourselves to Him? "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." And you have not received Him. Know then of a surety that "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved." If your loved one has indeed gone to be with Jesus, and you yourself are still without Christ, then are you without hope and forever parted from him unless you give yourself to Christ as he did. Jesus says "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life." Will you test that word of His and come? Will you let that simple but intensely practical hymn of Charlotte Elliott's voice your soul's desire and need, and here and now say—

Just as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

As the Lord liveth, if spoken in faith, these words shall not be spoken in vain. Speak them, my uncon-

verted reader, speed thee to speak them; and find in Christ your all in all for both time and eternity. I am the more urgent to thus plead to-day, because death has once more summoned one from our midst.

Cherished Memories.

Since last we met to worship here, among many others called home, we commemorate to-day the removal of one who has with tender and deep interest, and great regularity, worshipped with us since this house was set apart to the service of the Lord. Being singularly reticent, and very retiring in disposition, we knew but little of his character and career, save that he was unobtrusively consistent and reverently devout.

The data for the following brief sketch were furnished by the hand of the one who knew and loved him best.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS HINE

was of Huguenot extraction, a price having been named for the head of his great grandfather, who all but miraculously escaped being a victim in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. He was born on the 19th of September, 1825, at Wirksworth, Derbyshire, England. At the age of five, he accompanied his family to Guernsey, an island in the English Channel, where his father, the late Rev. James Samuel Hine, a French minister of the Independent Church, had been appointed pastor of the St. Pierre church of St. Peter Port, and several outlying mission churches on the Island.

He was the second son of a family of ten (six sons and four daughters), only one daughter of whom, so far as known, survives him. He was educated at the old

Historic "Elizabeth College," Guernsey, where his register record covers a period of six years, from 1838-1843, and from which institution he carried honours and a student reputation that have survived these more than fifty years. During all his life time, he kept himself in constant touch and keen sympathy with his "Alma Mater," sending tokens of friendship and student remembrances, and visiting the scenes of his college days at least once during his residence in Canada.

In 1843, at the age of eighteen, he removed to London, where he connected himself with the congregation of the then noted pastor, the Rev. Thomas Binney, of Weigh House Chapel, and united with that church in fellowship, making public confession of his faith on the 2nd of August, 1846.

In London he studied and passed successfully examinations in the Law Society, qualifying as solicitor in 1851. In 1852 he came to Canada, expecting that his legal training in London would qualify him for practice in Toronto. In this he was disappointed. Nothing daunted, however, he gave himself diligently to the study of Canadian law, and qualified duly as attorney and barrister. For a brief period he practiced his profession, but, from conscientious scruples, he relinquished the calling of his choice, and entered assurance business, in which he continued till his death, a period of over 40 years.

He married Miss Marianna R. Woodhouse, fourth daughter of the late James Woodhouse, Esq., of Her Majesty's Customs, Toronto (formerly of London, England). After a very brief but hallowed walk together, she was suddenly called "home," leaving behind her a sweet comforter in the person of her loved but delicate

little daughter, Edith Frances. The tender nursing and almost more than maternal care bestowed upon this little one by her affectionate aunt, Mrs. Joanna M. Reeve, had its reward, and the child lived to be truly a ministering angel to her father, and a joy and comfort to the one who so devotedly mothered her. She still lives to cherish the fond memory of her father, and make grateful return for the generous love of her foster mother.

During the last 23 years of his assurance business life Mr. Hine was happily connected with the Western Assurance Company, where his faithful services during these years received repeated tokens of generous appreciation and grateful acknowledgment.

The fact of his being of Huguenot blood, together with the other fact that his father was a French Protestant pastor, accounts for the strong and tender intimacy that for many years bound himself and the late Father Chiniquy so closely together. His house was the home of the intrepid ex-priest, when on his frequent visits to Toronto, or passing through going elsewhere and when few cared to incur the risk of sheltering one whom Rome so cordially hated. Mr. Hine knew no such fear; his heart, home and purse were alike open, and the venerable Father always found a true Huguenot welcome awaiting him. This, too, explains his deep interest in and generous contributions towards the work of French evangelization, as well as all other mission effort. He was wont to give scrupulously and conscientiously as God prospered him, but ever without ostentation.

For long he was an active member, deacon, and Sabbath-school teacher in Old Zion Congregational Church, where his labors were abundantly blessed and

richly fruitful in results; from which church, however, he ultimately withdrew, and formed no other church connection until some four years ago. About that time he began to attend occasionally, with his family, at the Presbyterian mission, Davenport Road. But since the opening of the new church building on Avenue Road, so long as his health permitted, his attendance here was regular, reverent, worshipful and generous. With the teaching from this pulpit and the method of conducting services, he often expressed himself as being in fullest accord. He, however, withheld himself from official connection, feeling that his failing health would not permit him to discharge such duties in the congregation as might reasonably be expected of him, should he so do; and delicately shrinking from making any statement regarding himself which might require to be made public.

His business, his home, his social life, his life in the service of the Master, were all alike marked by one striking feature—*fidelity*. As an affectionate husband and father, a loving brother, a consistent Christian, and a considerate friend, his Christian light shone for over 57 years in undimmed brightness. No shadow ever darkened the home, no harsh or unkind word ever passed the lips of him who lived to make it happy. Nothing but most pleasing memories hallow the associations that cluster around every step of his every walk in life. Of him it may be truly said: "The memory of the just is blessed."

For over three years he suffered from increasing bodily infirmity, though he shrank from naming it, even to the near circle of his loved ones, lest he should thereby give them pain. The summons came at last suddenly, and, in its form at least, unexpectedly. The loved and devoted

sister and daughter, who kept faithful and ceaseless vigil by his side for sixteen days and nights, were debarred, with the exception of some seasons of delightful consciousness, from the joy of intercourse in language, but they lacked not the sweeter joy of fellowship in spirit during this painful period. The spirit clung to the house of clay long enough to give ample opportunities for love's sweet ministries, and then took its flight so calmly—so gently—as to pass almost unnoticed into the glory land.

The moments of consciousness that intervened brought with them abundant reward for the unwearied watch that was maintained throughout. As is sometimes vouchsafed to the dying saint, there were granted to him what seemed to be wonderfully vivid visions of things past and future. On one of these occasions the eye seemed to be riveted on some object of intensest interest, and with a supreme effort, while the countenance was lit up with joy, he pronounced the name of his loved and long deceased wife.

On another occasion, while prayer was being offered by his side, in a soft, audible tone, by one of his loved ones, he raised the one free hand and pointing with his finger upward, his face radiant, he whispered

"Heaven"—"Home,"

with such tender pathos that none could doubt how fully these objects filled his heart and sustained his hope.

His pastor was more than once recognized, and the influence of prayer, familiar hymn, or selected portion of Scripture, repeated softly in his hearing, gave soothing comfort often marked and manifest.

After the 16th night of anxious waiting the spirit passed peacefully away from its suffering earthly tene-

ment, almost precisely at the hour of six, on the morning of Tuesday, 12th June, 1900.

During the days immediately succeeding, as everything that devotion could prompt was done for the patient sufferer while living, so everything that love could devise was done to pay tribute of loving respect to his memory when deceased.

On Friday afternoon, 15th June, a brief service was held at Mr. Hine's late home, 78 Hazelton Avenue, Toronto.

The exercises commenced with a brief prayer, after which, with the assistance of the organist, leader and several members of the church choir, the following beautiful and appropriate hymn by Margaret MacKay was softly and sweetly sung.

Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes, *etc., etc.*

There were then read suitable Scripture selections, followed by a short address by the pastor, bearing testimony to the sterling Christian character of the departed, to his consistent walk, his devoted life and peaceful death. A tender and special appeal was also made to any present who could not claim an interest in Christ as their personal Saviour, to seek it instantly, before the final call came and the soul's destiny be forever fixed. In giving point to this appeal the pastor said solemnly, "If those lips now hermetically sealed could once again break the long silence imposed, what, think you, would be the message they would deliver to us, the living? Would it not be this?—" Be ye also ready, for in such an

hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." The Rev. Enoch Barker, an intimate and true friend of the departed for nearly fifty years, was then called upon and spoke briefly. Very tender, touching and beautiful was the testimony he bore to the almost lifelong intimacy he had enjoyed with his friend, and the tribute he paid to his consistent conduct and loyalty to truth and conscience will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

As fittingly expressing the thoughts that often filled the mind of the deceased during his last illness, hymn 342 was sung with much feeling. The following is the first stanza :—

I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home :
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home :
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand :
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

After prayer led by Mr. Barker, the Benediction was pronounced, the cortége formed, and, accompanied by a large concourse of sympathizing friends, the remains, lovely and natural even in death, were laid at rest with those of his deceased wife in St. James' Cemetery, there to await the coming of the King and the trumpet call, when "The dead in Christ shall rise first."

Only a few months before he was called "Home," Mr. Hine was made the recipient of a beautiful oil painting of himself, a personal gift from the artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster, who had for many years enjoyed his friendship and the inspiration of his manly and generous nature.

The painting, which enhances the already well-established reputation of the artist, is much appreciated by the members of the family, and is a life-like representation of the subject of this memorial.

In closing this memorial, it is fitting that mention should be made of the skillful and devoted services of the family physician, Dr. Geikie—Mr. Hine's beloved brother-in-law. Everything was done by him that skill and brotherly love and professional attention could do to relieve the sufferer.

The family was deeply touched also by the uniform courtesy and kindness of all the members of the Western Assurance Company's staff. Their constant kindly inquiries regarding their highly esteemed friend while living, their chaste and costly floral tribute to his memory, and, above all, the presence of so many at the obsequies, including the manager, Mr. J. J. Kenny, and some twenty-five others—constitute a testimony so generous and expressive, that the friends desire it should not pass unnoticed in this brief memorial.

To all others, who by beautiful and thoughtful floral remembrances, by kindly letters of sympathy, or in other ways, have shown loving regard, grateful acknowledgment is hereby made.

These four following lines frequently furnished comfort and consolation when softly spoken by the couch of suffering, and are hence appended as a fitting close:—

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
Whilst on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

“Requiescat in pace.”